

Just Tonight

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/33474037) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/33474037>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Explicit Sexual Content , Somnophilia , Consensual Somnophilia , Top Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sleepy Sex , Flustered Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Kink Negotiation , Intercrural Sex , Dirty Talk , Anal Fingering , Enthusiastic Consent , Anal Sex , george watches porn , Crying During Sex
Language:	English
Collections:	MCYT , dsmp fics !!! , FAV BOOKS !! , phoenix's mcyt fics <3 , Sk1tatsmut , scrumdiddlyumptious
Stats:	Published: 2021-09-07 Words: 8620

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by [venus43](#)

Summary

Perhaps it's something to do with helpless he'd feel, how George could lie down and have his hands crossed over the low of his back, resting in a small dip with his fingers curled up so he can't grip onto anything, and how he'd barely even be able to touch himself, only able to chase the mindless pleasure that someone else gives him when he's only just coherent.

But no matter the core reason, George knows that he likes feeling defenceless, completely vulnerable even when it's just him, alone, on a double bed.

or, george wants dream to use him when he's asleep

Notes

somno fic as promised !!!

giant thanks to [navy](#) for beta-ing !!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

At first it's just a thought.

A dirty fantasy that George has one night when he's grinding his hips down against his mattress—a pillow between his legs and his lips parted and slick with spit while he relishes the interminable opportunity. It only flickers through his mind for a second, maybe even less, flashing silvered pictures and dazing him with their definite shapes, but it lasts long enough for George to remember. Remember and wonder what it'd feel like in real life.

Being helpless has never really been something that George has found interest in. Not being able to steer a conversation or have the people around bend to his every need has always seemed more annoying than anything else, but for some reason in this context it almost makes him wonder, think a little harder, even.

Because normally, George likes being in charge. His boyfriend—Dream—knows that more than anything. He's always guided the two of them when it comes to the things that matter, and Dream is constantly happy to follow along with an indifferent cloud of pink while he's told what to do. And there's nothing wrong with that, of course, but routine can get boring and George can't help but deliberate.

What would it be like to lose that jurisdiction?

And the thought can spiral and run rampant around his head, drive him into dizziness and some level of frenzy while he gets himself off, but that's all it will ever be—a thought.

Perhaps it's something to do with helpless he'd feel, how George could lie down and have his hands crossed over the low of his back, resting in a small dip with his fingers curled up so he can't grip onto anything, and how he'd barely even be able to touch himself, only able to chase the mindless pleasure that someone else gives him when he's only just coherent.

But no matter the core reason, George knows that he likes feeling defenceless, completely vulnerable even when it's just him, alone, on a double bed.

George likes sex—he always has. With past boyfriends he's been very vocal about that, rattling off countless vermilion desires and verbalising far too many pushy demands to be plausible, but this is different. This is something he should be too afraid to ask for.

Dream is different too. He's probably the nicest guy that George has ever dated—kind, charming and with that comes the knowledge that if George ever puts up an idea that's new to them both then he'll listen.

But when it comes to sex, Dream isn't the most passionate lover.

He's cautious, never wanting to try something new in case George doesn't take to it straight away, and usually that'd be a good thing but after a while it becomes repetitive. In his defense, there's a possibility that George hasn't been bold enough when it comes to saying what he wants either, but having sex in the same position every other Saturday and then routinely falling asleep straight after is a bit boring—it's a wonder that Dream hasn't come to that same conclusion.

So George starts to leave hints. He presses against Dream a little more when they're in bed, and ghosts his lips against the shell of his ear to breathe a little dirtier, just to try and get Dream in the mood so he'll ask for something that'll rip them out of that same routine. But it doesn't work. Dream stays the exact same and George is the only one that feels the effects.

It's almost the same as hunger—eating away at George until each touch feels like it's taunting him,

teasing him with something that he can never have and making sure he remembers it. Constant fantasies are the only way that George can get around it, because he's not having the right amount of sex so that seems to be the next best thing.

He tells himself that it's enough but there's no power in his mind when he repeats it, because George does want more and jerking off won't be the thing that'll give it to him. He tries and fails to stay composed, making sure he never pushes in case it'll make Dream uncomfortable, but it's no use. George wants to be touched and he wants to be adored, and more than anything, he just wants to be fucked until he's dumb.

That's the thing that drives George wild. The idea of being pressed down hard against silken sheets and opened up without being given the opportunity to move, just writhing in place and begging for Dream to hurry up. And Dream won't of course, he'll move at his own pace, only pushing in when George is begging for it, choking on his own breath and mumbling incoherent pleas to try and hurry things up, but no matter the pain or the embarrassment, it'll be perfect, because that's what George is silently hoping for.

That's the fuel that powers all of George's late night thoughts, and he knows that unless he asks for it outright then it'll likely never happen, but building up the confidence to ask *Dream* of all people to do that for him is easier said than done. So after the hints don't work and the fantasies only grow wilder, George finds himself jerking off more.

It's in the shower, when Dream goes out, even when Dream is cooking in the next room over, George is sat on their bed fucking himself on three fingers and doing his best to muffle his moans against a pillow or the back of his hand. And with that comes the recent affliction for porn. It's normal videos at first, possibly amateur stuff where the camera isn't exactly placed right and everyone's face is just slightly cut from view, but then it develops.

He goes on the search for the fantasies he's thought of before, watching guys get fucked until they're delirious and wishing that it was him instead. And maybe it's not the best way to go about things but really there's no other way to go about it.

But getting caught while acting out wasn't in the plan.

He's on his knees, one hand around his cock and one of his biggest dildos pressing against his rim as he trails light fingers over his chest, panting when Dream pushes the door to their bedroom open and moves to stick his head through the gap. In all honesty, George doesn't think he has enough shame to really care, because all he does is let out a small moan and pull his gaze away from the other, continuing to touch himself while Dream stands awkwardly by the door.

"George?" Dream asks carefully, his hands tensing while his face burns red.

All it does is make George stutter. His hand stops for half a second as his eyes drift up to land on Dream's face, running over the burning red with laboured breaths. It's as though Dream is more scandalised than him—he's glancing to the floor and then tilting his head to the side, acting as though he doesn't know where he should look. And it's slightly cute, George has to admit, but he doesn't really want to think about how cute his boyfriend is when he's halfway to his orgasm.

"Fuck," George gasps, his grip only tightening. "Dream go, I'll just be a few minutes."

There's a look on Dream's face that hides everything, a slight confusion mixing with the red hue that lines his cheekbones—a blush that George doesn't quite mind adding to. It's a gentle reminder of how Dream gets about this stuff, the way he shies away from outward conversations about sex as though it'll scar, and George appreciates the fact that Dream is trying, but right now he really

just wants him to leave.

“Oh,” Dream mumbles. “Don’t you want me to help?”

“Not right now,” George groans, sharpened eyes running over Dream’s form when he doesn’t leave. “Seriously Dream, I’m fine.”

For a second, Dream doesn’t move. He stands by the door and watches George as though he shouldn’t, wide viridian eyes running over each slope of his body and hiding behind a mulberry blush. It’s hard to stop the giggle that George regretfully lets out, because right now Dream looks so embarrassed and yet he’s still here, slightly in awe and unsure of what to do.

“Okay,” Dream mumbles eventually. His eyes flicker down to George’s hand where it’s wrapped around his cock before he averts his eyes so quickly that it’s comical.

There’s a beat of time before he leaves, a silent second where he seems to build up the confidence to ask something before that feeling disappears, plunging him into ice water just to try and drag him back to his ordinary senses. George watches it all with slight confusion. He doesn’t want to pry exactly but Dream’s apparent reluctance to go can’t *not* leave him with a few questions, and he mulls over the few until the resounding sound of a wooden door clicking back into its frame rings through the air.

It’s an unsatisfying orgasm. George cums with his hand around his cock and a piece of plastic inside of him. And it’s times like that when he wishes that he could just ask Dream for the things he wants most—not be scared of making the other uncomfortable with his desires.

He gets up on shaky knees, wiping himself down in the bathroom that links to their bedroom, then cleaning off the dildo before shoving it into a box that he keeps under the hamper—out of Dream’s sight and hopefully out of mind too. A fresh pair of clothes waits for him on the side of the bed, something that George pulls on easily with only slightly laboured movements.

Now that it’s over, a part of him manages to feel embarrassed—being caught jerking off isn’t fun under any circumstance, and even if it is by his incredibly attractive boyfriend, George still has some humility when he leaves. It’s not a walk of shame by any means, but he still has the bruised sense to keep his head hanging lower when he leaves their bedroom, compared to the way he’d held himself before.

The door clicks shut when George presses it back, the definitive sound ringing through the air with little grace. Dream stands through the archway of the room, visible on the other side as he stands in their kitchen and chews on his lower lip, glancing at George for a fraction of a second before he steps further into the hallway.

A smile cuts through the air. It isn’t tense, why would it be? But George still finds his feet dragging slow against the ground as he walks closer. Gilded sunlight flickers thinly through the windows, laced with gold as they fall onto George’s skin and paint him with orange while he reaches to take a glass off of a tall counter, running water from the sink to fill it up.

Dream doesn’t offer a word throughout the whole exchange.

With hidden fangs, George turns to sit on one of the stools layed out beside the counter, sitting opposite Dream while quirking his brow. He lets Dream speak first, practically forcing him to with the way he refuses to break.

“So,” Dream starts, placing eye contact everywhere except in front of himself. “You were watching

porn.”

George nods; red petals falling from his teeth as he grins. “Yeah?” The word is accented with a shrug. Meagre. “It’s not a big deal, you’ve watched porn before.”

Dream’s agreement doesn’t need to be voiced. “You could’ve asked me to help, you know?” He offers instead.

“I know,” George says. “I didn’t need help.”

For some reason it makes Dream sour—petals wilting into something darker as they fall from grace. It elicits a laugh from George though. He giggles as though it’s not his own situation they’re talking about and takes a sip from his drink, not caring when a drop falls from between his lips and lands fruitlessly onto his lap.

“Why?” Dream frowns, squirming in place as he forces his words out.

He looks cute like that, George muses. Mottled with red and trying not to fold under little scrutiny, and the heated blush that rests over the bridge of his nose and sweeps from the heights of his cheekbones only manages to make George smile more. Because it’s not an embarrassing situation, they’re boyfriends, they’ve had sex before, but Dream’s usual aversion to the topic frames the humiliation in bold.

“Because I figured you’d rather be doing something else,” George explains. He shrugs like it’s common courtesy—as though that’s just how things go, and despite how well George knows the other, Dream’s put out expression is more surprising than anything else.

It’s almost as though he’s finding it difficult to say a full phrase, because Dream is barely making eye contact and his gaze keeps slipping to George’s lips before running away, going back to the shy flirting that George thought they’d managed to shake after finally establishing the lines of their relationship.

The wave of Dream’s hand draws George’s attention like it’s a flame—it’s nervous shake only proving to make George hang closer to the next words. “But I like seeing you all...” Dream trails off, “...you know.”

“You like having sex with me?” George pokes, holding a slightly raised brow as he pretends not to know what’s being uttered. “That’s good to know.”

“*George*,” Dream whines.

“What?”

“You can always ask me to do stuff with you,” Dream says, “Like, if you want to do it by yourself that’s fine, like I don’t mind, but I wouldn’t be weird about it if you interrupted me because you wanted *us* to do something instead.”

A small laugh manages to tip from George’s throat, sounding more breathless than anything as he gauges the situation. He’s surprised, of course he is, but there’s no chance that he’ll say no, because it might not be everything that he’s ever wanted but it’s still something. A step in the right direction.

“Really?” George questions. “Anytime?”

“Well don’t wake me up for it,” Dream reasons, finally making the eye contact that George has

been vying for, and when he does the seeds on the ground burst into millions. “I don’t want to be woken up by a horny George.”

It feels like mockery, as though Dream knows that twisted fantasy that George holds and is doing his best to not give it to him. And it might not be in Dream’s nature to taunt or to tease, but some things aren’t intentional, sometimes Dream does things without meaning to and George clings onto the hope of more.

“Okay,” George says eventually.

He places his glass onto the counter, letting water spill from the sides as Dream’s gaze follows his hands movement. There could be more said, in fact, George almost wishes there was, but instead Dream only puts up a smile before standing straight and retreating into another room, leaving George to mull over the rosemary fantasies once again.

Dream is hard.

It’s the first thing that George notices when he wakes up. There’s the everlasting presence lying behind him, the lower half of Dream’s body pressed firmly against George’s as he makes his way to coherence, and quite possibly Dream doesn’t know what he’s doing, but he will soon enough, and George isn’t sure if he wants to be there when he does.

It almost feels weird. Dream is grinding against him without the sense to stop, and despite it not being the first time it’s ever happened—they’ve woken up to sweat and the smell of sex far too many times—it’s the only time where George doesn’t know what to do about it. As waking Dream up is something the other specified against, but not doing so would only make a mess of their sheets, covering them white heat and seering embarrassment for the future hours.

So George stays still. The flickering lamp next to their bed getting switched on and then off, glowing amber with it’s dandelion streak before it dims again, and when his eyes flutter shut, motions still going strong behind him, a low groan pulls its way through the air and stands alert to signal Dream’s stir.

Pretending to be asleep is easier said than done. But George thinks that he fares well enough as he’s shaken once and then left alone, hearing Dream’s laboured breathing pick up as he realises his surroundings.

“Fuck,” Dream mumbles, quiet and breathless, almost as if he didn’t even intend to let the words out.

The smile on George’s lips starts to lessen as Dream peels away. His absence dragging the warmth away with him, and the noise of complaint that George lets out is muffled too, but it gets the message across as Dream pulls their quilt up to cover the pale unbitten skin that stretches over George’s shoulder blades.

Careful footsteps pad across the carpeted floor, and George knows where Dream is going, and that if he really wants something then he should speak up, but he’s not too sure if Dream will be in a giving mood at this time in the morning.

George is hard too. At this point, how couldn't he be? The shape of Dream’s body is still imprinted

onto the mattress, still warm from where he'd left it, and if George shuffles onto his front and presses his nose against the pillow then the bittersweet scent of Dream's conditioner can flood his senses and make everything else feel like a blur.

The way his hips move in small circles against his mattress is unforgivable, pent up tension and the edge of frustration making the tight warmth in his stomach feel like golden perfection. And the sound of a shower running from the bathroom is too loud for George not to know the deeds being acted upon behind a closed door.

He doesn't touch himself, instead, George lets himself feel the slowing pressure that only grows with the passing time—the coiled feeling sitting still as he waits for Dream to get back. And there's a moment where George can feel himself slipping into his own mind, as the quietness in the room gets louder, and stardust covers his eyelashes until the thought of initiating something new becomes all that he can think of.

Dream would be nice, using him for his own pleasure, just because he woke up and decided he needed it. And George wouldn't complain. He'd just take it. Take it and do his best to make sure Dream is satisfied. The part of him that wants to feel malleable is all-consuming. George lets his eyes fall shut as he waits, because maybe he *will* say something, maybe he'll push a little more and see if Dream can handle it.

George doesn't quite know how long it takes, perhaps it's only a minute, maybe it's ten. Either way, when Dream gets back, George is slipping faster than he can register, and the effort it takes to raise his head and sling a dazed smile onto his lips is commendable.

The light from the bathroom is glaring, shining white into George's vision enough for him to turn away and groan. The silhouette of another reaches for the light switch, closing the bathroom door as he stumbles into the bedroom and through the darkness George can see the slope of Dream's back as a towel hangs low on his hips, pink rose petals shaped in a long blush over his skin.

"Hi," George mumbles, surprised at how soft he sounds. The rustling of sheets accompanies him as he turns from one side to another, gazing up at Dream with an unshielded hubris.

"Hi," Dream smiles. "You're up early."

"So are you," George comments.

He lets his eyes drop to where the towel is folded, the point of Dream's hip bones catching water droplets as they fall and consequently keep George's gaze fixed in spot as well, and a second passes slowly to lead to a spot where Dream nods before reaching for a shirt.

It could be the earliness that ruins George's filter, the way he's hard and aching and craving something intense, but before he can think about what he's saying he's already letting words slip, "You didn't have to go to the bathroom,"

Dream stills. He glances to one side, almost as though he thinks he's misheard the last phrase. And the next time that he speaks, he faces George in completion, all furrowed eyebrows and tensed features. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, I was right here," George continues, talking because he doesn't know how to stop. He punctuates it with an eyebrow raise, silently telling Dream all that he needs to know.

It's still not enough though, because Dream still barely catches on, confusion running through his features as he tugs on a long sleeved shirt and does his best to get dressed under George's gaze.

“You were asleep,” Dream points out.

“I know.” There’s a pause in the middle, a coy smile on George’s lips as he tries to say what he means. “But if you wake up hard again you can always use me.”

“What?” Dream turns to meet his eyes. Unbalanced.

One hand finds its way under George’s chin, his lip pulled down between his teeth in an expression that resembles nerves as Dream shrugs off the towel and finds something clean to wear instead.

“You know...” George trails off.

“I don’t think I do.”

It’s not the situation that George had been scared off but it’s still not perfect. All because Dream doesn’t understand his train of thought and spelling it out in bolder terms would be harder for them both, so George waits for a moment, contemplating, before deciding that being bold has never really been a problem and the cherry red paint that could lie in his place is stronger than temptation itself.

“You could fuck me,” George settles on, daring and loud but still waiting for his final words to become whole. “When I’m asleep.”

If it’s possible, Dream’s face drops completely, falling to the floor with an unamused twirl, and the marigold that had once painted his unaffected expression has been replaced with a navy that makes George blank.

The silence is what gets to him first. The possible idea that Dream is weirded out by the offer that George has placed hitting him all at once, and George knows he should learn to hold his tongue but he’s rushing out an almost-apology before he can act upon it.

“Only if you want,” he chokes, “Like, I know that we don’t really try new things and this is probably way out of your comfort zone, so if you don’t want to do that then I totally get it. I uh, I just wanted to put it on the table.”

Maybe he’s rambling, that could be clear to everyone apart from him, but George is too busy hiding his face in the sheets to deal with the consequences. Dream could be staring at him with shame, possibly holding disgust behind his chrome irises, and in reality, George doesn’t want to look and check if that’s true, so he doesn’t. He breathes hard through his nose and hopes that this mortifying moment will pass, that they can go back to Dream being the sex-shy one and George won’t be embarrassed any longer.

A small noise drags him out of that mindset though.

George looks up with timid eyes, focusing on nothing and everything all at once, but the only thing that really keeps his focus is the awe on Dream’s expression—the way his mouth hangs open and the bites of his eyes mix with perfect red, like candied strawberries or sugared gems sit behind his sight.

“God George, *fuck*,” Dream breathes, desperate. “I wasn’t expecting that.”

“Sorry?” George doesn’t sound it really, but he hopes the intention is still there.

“Don’t be sorry,” Dream mumbles, although the pause he takes between words does nothing to soothe George’s nerves. “You just caught me off guard. I didn’t think you’d ever ask for

something like that.”

They’re staring at each other, perfectly in sync. “Well I am.”

It’s almost confirmation when Dream breathes a little heavier, glancing to one side before turning back. “I think I’d like to try it.”

“Really?” George asks. This hadn’t been a situation that he’d really seen coming, it was a chance but he hadn’t imagined Dream entertaining it. “That’s not too far?”

“What?”

George hides a smile, finding the confidence to scan over Dream’s body once again, and then dip down to the spot below his hips, surely making Dream burn red without doing anything at all. “Are you sure you’d be fine with using me like that?”

It’s more George’s fantasy than anyone else’s. He knows he wants to be used, he knows he wants to be fucked until he’s drooling, but it’s a matter of if Dream wants that too. Tiredness is still coursing through George’s bones, wrapping around his limbs and tightening until it’s all he can feel, and although his eyelids droop and his hands tingle, his ears still listen out for that rose scented admittance.

For a fleeting moment, Dream doesn’t answer, stifling the air that they lie in before he lets out the sugared words. “Of course,” he sighs. “What about you though? I don’t want to do anything you’re uncomfortable with.”

“I’ll like it,” George assures, slightly reddened and possibly embarrassed. “I like stuff like that.”

“Stuff like what?”

Letting out a sigh, George rolls back onto his side. The smile he wears can’t remain hidden for much longer, so George turns his face into a pillow and breathes in the scent that Dream has left, pulling the blankets back so they cover him fully. “Check my search history,” he murmurs, “I’m going back to sleep.”

The next night nothing happens.

George isn’t sure if he had been expecting a lot, but he certainly expected something. Meaning that when he wakes up alone, before slinking down the stairs to find Dream making the two of them breakfast, he can’t help but feel disappointed.

It’s almost like a game. Now that Dream knows everything that George could ever want, he’s just holding it against him and not granting him any of those wishes. And it’s not in Dream’s nature to tease, George knows that far too well, but it still feels as though he’s trying to, like he wants to see George writhe before he grants him what he needs.

Impatience runs red through George’s veins, so when one night turns into two and George hasn’t had a single scarce touch trace across his skin, he starts to give up, because there’s nothing that he can do to make things come faster. All he can do is wait and see if Dream still wants it.

But George has always been the scheming kind. So instead of hints, this time he does things that are more obvious. At night he slips into something silky, short, short, shorts that barely cover anything when he lays on his front and hopes that the slope of his back serves well as temptation, a rosy red apple for Dream to take a bite of before descending into ruin.

Still, Dream doesn't touch.

One night he places a hand on the back of George's thigh and pushes the shorts up a little more, peering without discretion as George stays still and lets himself be admired, but it never goes further than that. Instead of pulling the shorts off completely, Dream lets go, getting under the sheets with George in his arms before lulling them both to sleep, bodies curled up in one as they slumber.

It's nice, of course, but it's not what George is waiting for. So when he's in Dream's grasp, he's on edge, and when he's sleeping by himself, he's highly strung, because until he gets it he won't be able to calm down, think straight.

So at night the silk pyjamas will stay on, even when there's no one that's properly appreciating them.

When George wakes up everything is fuzzy.

There's something behind him, a weight on the back of his thighs that doesn't seem to shift, and George doesn't quite know what's going on but what he does know is that there's something between his legs and his cock is aching with pleasure.

His mind feels blank, like everything around him feels different even though he's woken up to this same room so many times. And he can't stop himself from gasping as he feels something wet drip down from his hole to his thighs and make him feel sticky and exposed.

"Fuck," a voice says, gravelly and deep but floating amidst the air as George struggles to drag himself to reality.

The deepness makes him groan, something hard forcing his thighs apart as it pushes in and out from between them, hot and heavy and catching on his rim as it pulls out and taps against his skin. He lies in muffled confusion for a moment before previous conversations come flooding back to him in a heavy mind, breathing getting harder as he realises what's going on.

It's Dream of course, Dream that's pinning him down with strong hands on his hips while fucking his thighs, and George can barely understand what's going on but he knows it feels good; that he doesn't want it to stop.

"Dr'm," he mumbles, slurred with sleep as his eyes struggle to open. "What're you doing?"

The motions still, heat settling between George's thighs and not moving as he squirms around it and squeezes his legs together, unintentional but pushing the head of Dream's cock closer to where George wants it, forcing them so close that George can only just hear the short breaths that Dream puffs out.

"Sorry," Dream apologises quietly. "You said I could and I woke up hard. I don't want to make

you uncomfortable, if you want I can stop.”

As if to prove the point, one hand moves to wrap around the base of his cock, slowly pulling it out from between the heat of George’s thighs. But before the touch leaves completely, George whines, a breathy sound that barely registers in his own mind before it’s reverberating in the air, delicate and pink and halting Dream within seconds.

“No,” George groans sleepily. “Don’t stop.”

It’s like he can feel Dream go still above him, a silent confession dissipating in the cold blue air, and George might not know exactly what’s going on, and he might still be tired, but he knows what he wants, and right now that’s for Dream to carry on using him like he just was.

“Are you sure?” Dream almost sounds guilty.

“M’okay,” George mumbles, fuzzy; he’s barely even there but he still can’t stop his hips from rolling to press against the mattress and shift some of the pressure down from between his thighs. “Feels good.”

It’s enough to make Dream groan, loud and unabashed as he runs his hands over George’s body, pretty blue shorts no longer on his lower half in order for Dream to have enough room as he starts a slow pace—taunting George by spreading him open and then leaving his cock between his legs instead.

It feels good. More than good, even.

But with sleep clouding his mind, George can’t find the right words to describe the way he’s really feeling. It’s the road to frenzy that he’s been craving, perfect pleasure given to him in such harsh moments that he can barely react. And George can’t voice his need so instead he closes his eyes again, turning his head to one side as he lets out small whimpers of appreciation.

It’s as though Dream can’t help but touch him. Despite George’s inability to speak in more than muffled whines, Dream does his best to make sure he’s dragging the indulgence from him, squeezing and holding onto what he can then pushing himself between George enough to touch everywhere at once.

“Fuck,” Dream mutters, so quiet that George would assume it’s a dirty thought rather than a confession. “I love your thighs.”

Perhaps it’s just because of how early it is, but George feels more sensitive than ever, almost completely limp as Dream just plays with him as though he’s some used up toy, a symbol of pleasure that’s only meant for him. It’s not enough to feel like a rag-doll though, because when Dream spreads George open once again, and presses the pad of his thumb to his hole, a new thought runs rampant through George’s mind.

“Want more,” he whimpers, trying to push his hips back enough to make Dream’s finger slip in. “In me,” he pleads, shaking slightly to make himself look that much more tempting. “Please, want you to put it in me.”

He’s whiny, unable to keep himself from breathing heavier as Dream’s thumb rubs over his rim and just barely presses down.

“Are you sure?” Dream asks. “I can still get you off like this?”

“M’sure,” George mumbles. He can feel Dream pull his cock out from between his thighs, resting

it on the backs of George's ass instead as he teases him with the head, pressing it up against his hole in an attempt to make George hazy. It works perfectly too, because George can only feel desperation when he's grinding back and whimpering in response. "Want your cock."

He needs it more than anything. The feeling of Dream filling him up, something that George can barely even remember, so he's squirming in place and letting out small whines as his hole is teased with nothing ever dipping in.

The lube that's been spread over his thighs and Dream's cock makes his skin wet, the pristine image he normally has during sex becoming debauched as Dream's eyes stay glued to the spots George should keep hidden. It's dirty, and it's different and yet George can't imagine anything other than this. He's tired and his eyes are barely staying open, but he feels good—the pressure building in his stomach when lube falls from Dream's fingers and drops directly onto his rim.

"Okay baby," Dream breathes.

His index finger presses up against George's rim, long and thick and pressing down so perfectly that George can't help but gasp. It doesn't push in immediately, instead Dream decides to taunt and tease in a way that George never thought he would, and it feels so good but George can't let the words slip so instead he lets out a long sigh into his pillow, and smiles when that's all it takes for Dream to start pushing in.

George has fingered himself before. In fact, he does it quite often, but nothing will ever compare to the feeling of Dream's own fingers inside of him like this, pumping in and out without mercy as he works George up to a second. He touches everywhere that George needs him too, crooking his finger to find George's prostate, and it's so easy that he does it in seconds, managing to make George fall apart while barely even trying.

"Such a good boy," Dream mumbles, pressing the second finger in alongside the first.

It's more of a stretch this time, far more difficult to take, but George lets it happen, yelping hoarsely when Dream spreads his fingers apart and repositions George's hips to find the perfect angle to keep his hand moving at the perfect pace.

Working himself open isn't always fun, but Dream manages to make it feel right, rose petals cascading down George's face as he tries to spread his legs a little more and make enough room for Dream to stay comfortable too.

"Is this okay?" Dream asks, punctuating his words by crooking both of his fingers to the side at the same time, just to elicit that incoherent gasp from the other.

Constellations form and fall in the time that it takes for George to bring himself back from delirium, and it's not just stardust that covers his eyes but the start of a flame that also grows with red hot arousal in his stomach. His cock is hard and pressing against the mattress, the perfect amount of pressure only adding to George's mindset, and a subtle breath keeps him from falling back to sleep while shrouded in the pleasure he feels.

"Want more," George mumbles eventually, two fingers barely enough for him to feel full.

"Another, please."

Despite the warmth in his tone, Dream doesn't do it, though. He pulls out both of his fingers and coats them in more lube, just to make sure that nothing hurts when he holds the tips of three slick fingers against George's rim.

“Fuck, you’re so pretty,” he lets out. The three fingers slowly start to push in, thick and perfect and just what George had needed, even if it’s not exactly Dream’s cock. And George doesn’t know how he does it, but Dream manages to keep up his lustful talk up even when he’s fucking George open. “I love playing with you.”

“Dream.”

“Wish you’d told me you liked this sooner,” Dream continues. “You sound so filthy right now.”

Three fingers push deftly in and out of George’s hole, stretching him so perfectly and drawing small whines from the back of his throat. He’s whimpering and his eyes are starting to water all because he can’t handle the feeling of being touched so expertly, and it’s the tiredness that makes his eyelids fall shut for just a second, but he has to power through it, because otherwise, he’ll never be able to feel this pleasure again.

“Need you to fuck me,” George snuffles, hips rocking back and forth. “Can’t wait any longer.”

“Patience sweetheart,” Dream cooes. “I need to open you up properly.”

At that, George can’t help but whine, complaints spilling from his lips in the form of indelicate moans, high and shielded as his legs shake with the effort it takes to try and move. He almost feels useless, choking on his own breath as Dream fucks him on his fingers, giving him exactly what he’d asked for with the way he uses George’s body without a regard for the way he feels too.

The drag of George’s cock against the mattress is almost too good to be true, and alongside the feeling of Dream spreading his fingers apart inside of him it’s almost enough to make George fall apart completely. But before he can reach that point, Dream’s fingers pull out entirely, leaving George open and exposed while Dream stares down at the image he’s created.

“There we go,” Dream utters, hushed tone almost coming across as condescending as he spreads George open with both hands just to look at his work. “Look at that, even your hole is pretty.”

Embarrassment burns George’s skin with rosemary, the situation switched so quickly that George can’t even process what’s going on. All he knows is that he feels good. That, and the fact that if he doesn’t have anything inside of him soon then it won’t just be him that’s unable to walk the next morning.

“Put it in,” George whines, hazy.

And unsurprisingly Dream relents, slicking up his cock as he mumbles, “Okay okay,” before lining himself up. “Tell me if it hurts,” he says, cautious with the head of his cock catching on George’s rim as he gets ready to push in.

The angle means that George can feel just how big the other is already, he can tell just how much this will stretch him open from the feeling of the head alone. The thought makes his eyesight go fuzzy, pearl tears shielding his view as he muffles his moans against the white of a pillow.

It feels amazing, like Dream is doing his best to make George break, and it works better than he could have ever imagined. His movements are calculated and his teasing is necessary, and George isn’t strong enough to push his hips back and take what he needs so instead he sits still and allows Dream to ruin him whilst not even pushing in.

Any filter that George once had has been ripped off, leaving him to speak his appreciation in slurred tongue. Maybe he’s not quite stable, but all that really means is that he can feel everything and more, each touch amplified as Dream slowly starts to push in.

It's electrifying. George's nerves are on fire as Dream stretches him open and doesn't stop, and it's perfect and big and no matter how many times he's done it, George is still scared that it won't fit. Whimpering, George tries not to tense, letting Dream slowly ease in until his hips are pressed flush to George's, embarrassing eagerness making it hard for George to stop muttering his thanks.

"Big," George groans, sleep lacing his tone. "Feel r'lly full."

"Yeah?" Dream asks. One of his hands squeezes George's side, touching him gently to make sure he stays calm. "Fuck, you're being so good for me."

Muted red forms a blush on George's face, a breath getting heavier as watering eyes slowly start to let tears drop, George's own lips betraying him when he snuffles and is hit by that second wave of sleep. He's tired, and tomorrow when he wakes up he'll be sore and sticky, but right now even the tears aren't enough for George to want to stop. He needs it.

His cock throbs between his legs, reminding him of how hard he is as pleasure runs pink throughout his body, Dream's cock managing to amplify it in a way that should be impossible. Helpless desperation makes George's legs tremble, his thighs shaking as Dream sits on top of them and starts a slow pace, fucking his cock in and out of George so hard that George can't stop the tears from falling.

He's sobbing, trying not to choke on his own whines as Dream pushes in deeper. It's more for Dream's pleasure than anyone else's, and although George knows that he still can't help the way he tries to take more by clenching down and turning his head to one side so that Dream can see his face.

"So sweet," Dream mumbles, "You're being so good, baby."

The words would almost be mocking but the sugar lacing Dream's tone makes it sound far too real. The arousal is mixed with a ferocity that George isn't quite used to, so the way his breath hitches and his moans become broken and needy means that George can barely understand the fact that the sounds are coming from his own mouth.

He feels dumb, as though he doesn't understand the world around him. It's like he was made to take Dream's cock, moulded just for him and then thrown like a toy onto the bed to be used whenever necessary. And even if it's different to what they usually do, or somewhat out of their relationship's comfort zone, George loves it.

"So perfect," Dream continues. "Do you want to cum, sweetheart?"

"Yes!" George begs, trying not to moan when Dream's hips move faster. "Please, please Dream."

"Just after me okay?" Dream reasons. "I'm close too."

He holds onto George's waist as he pushes back in harshly, leaving George to writhe and gasp as Dream angles his thrusts upwards to hit George's prostate. Cherry blossom settles on George's face as the tears cascade down his cheeks, marble case breaking with each passing second. It's almost too good to be true, and George is drunk on the feeling of being filled like this. Too tired to move, and too desperate to fully wake himself up.

"How's it feel, baby?" Dream asks, ripping a saccharine cry from George as he rubs the head of his cock against his prostate and keeps it there. "Tell me how it feels."

The words are hard to let out all because George's mind can't catch up with his tongue—his jaw slack as he tries not to sob. "S'good. Feels so good Dream."

“Yeah?” Dream mumbles. “You’re being so pliant right now, like a little toy just for me.” The words are dirty but George loves them, leaning into Dream’s touch and whimpering when he thrusts against the bundle of nerves that makes him shake. “Normally you’re so bratty, what happened?”

There’s no good answer, so George doesn’t say a thing. Instead he sits and he takes it, wishing that Dream would stop teasing and start fucking him until he can’t breathe.

“Harder,” George whines. “Wanna feel it.”

A pause makes George shatter. So broken and needy and thinking of nothing but the way he’s being filled, and for a moment he thinks that this might ruin him forever, but in his dazed mindset that’s perfectly fine.

But eventually, Dream does as asked. He slams back in, thrusting in and out so fast that George doesn’t think he’ll ever get used to it. He keeps his hips angled up, doing his best to make George scream with complete accuracy. Tears run hot down George’s face, his mouth hanging open as he’s fucked into hysteria, and the most surprising thing of all is that Dream seems to like the sound.

He’s enjoying the way in which George breaks.

“You like my cock sweetheart?” Dream asks, mocking. “You want more?”

“Dr’m,” George slurs. His eyes fall shut, head lolled to the side. “*So big*, wanna cum.”

“Yeah?” Dream doesn’t stop his thrusts, speeding up until his pace is brutal. “God, you’re so tight.”

It’s perfect, so much at once, and George doesn’t think he’ll ever get enough. It’s exactly what he wanted, maybe even better, and he’s so close to tipping over the edge that another touch might make him woozy.

“M’close.”

“*George*,” Dream groans, no regard for the way that George squirms. “God, you’re so pretty.” He thrusts in hard, successfully making George sob as he spits out the dirty words that George didn’t even think he was capable of. “Being fucked dumb on my cock, your hole is practically begging me for more.”

“*Dream*.” He’s so close, each thrust pushing him further against the mattress, Dream’s cock so deep inside of him and then dragging against his walls as he pushes in and then back out. As expected, George’s cock is leaking, pre-cum falling onto the mattress as the friction drags him closer to the edge, drowning him in pleasure as the coils in his stomach get tighter and tighter until they’re close to snapping. “So good, feels so good, don’t stop, *please*.”

It only takes a few more seconds for George to come undone, his face pressed to one side against the pillow just so Dream can see the way he cries and moans when he cums against the mattress and tries to get through his orgasm. His whole mind feels blank, as though he’s never been able to form a thought other than the way Dream’s cock fits inside of him. He doesn’t even know what’s going on, where he is or how he got there, all he knows is that he feels good, that being fucked into oversensitivity and then ruined with his own wishes is all he’s ever wanted.

“There you go,” Dream cooes, mocking and sharp but George isn’t in the right mindset to really understand “You should see yourself right now. It’s like you don’t even have a brain, you’re just

made to be used like a dumb little slut.”

He thrusts in a few more times, dragging whimpers and moans out of the other before his pace stutters, Dream finally spilling inside of George and filling him up completely. If it’s possible, his orgasm lasts longer than George’s, being dragged out until it’s all that the two of them know.

Each muscle in George’s body won’t move, actively working against him to keep his body pinned to the bed while Dream stays rooted inside of him. They wait to catch their breath, George barely able to move as he waits, and the fog that clouds his brain only gets thicker.

When Dream pulls out, George isn’t even coherent. His eyes are closed and the post-orgasm bliss has finally hit. Everything feels like too much effort, and the only thing that George can really do is lie down and hiss when Dream taps the head of his cock against his rim, teasing him with it as his cum drips onto the backs of George’s thighs.

“Can’t move,” he mumbles, so quiet that Dream must strain to hear it.

Rose quartz lines the edge of sleep, so pulling that George can’t help but submit. The gentle hand on his side guides his hips up, helping George to move into a position that’s more comfortable by rolling him to one side, stained tear tracks still on his cheeks as red rimmed eyes struggle to stay open.

“Are you okay, baby?” Dream asks, quiet tone revealing the nature in which he always lies. “I didn’t go too far, did I?”

“Stop worrying about it,” George assures. “M’just tired.”

A smile overtakes Dream’s expression in the blink of an eye, warmth rippling from his features as he stares down at George with unbridled happiness. It’s soft, even when they’re both naked and sweating, too tired to really move with skin sticking against each surface.

George’s eyes fall shut, his vision slipping until a hand reaches for his jaw, angling his face up slightly.

“Don’t fall asleep on me yet, I need to clean you up,” Dream smiles, although George can barely see it.

Whining is all that George is capable of; his legs feel like jelly and any punches that he throws will surely fall flat. He’s weak and he’s fine with it, so he ignores Dream’s request, raising his arms with all the strength he has left just to tug Dream down and pull him further against his chest.

“*But Dream,*” he complains

“You’ll hate me in the morning if I don’t.”

George shakes his head. “Cuddle,” he pleads, knowing that Dream is a weak man—he always has been—so getting him to agree is far too easy, snug.

“Fine,” Dream whispers, flat against George’s chest. They’re so close that they can hear each other’s breathing, wrapped in honey and petals and everything warm. “But when you wake up sticky you’re showering by yourself.”

“By the way,” George mentions one day while he and Dream are standing in the kitchen, an untrustworthy smile on his lips as he looks in Dream’s direction and sharpens his gaze. “Where have you been hiding that dirty talk? I didn’t know you had it in you”

Dream’s blush is pink. Mortified. “I uh—may have watched some of the videos in your history.”

“Really?” George presses. “You learnt all that from porn.”

“Shut up. It worked, didn’t it?”

“Maybe,” George grins, because it did. It definitely did

“Well whilst we’re on the topic, are there any other secret kinks you want to try out?” Dream asks, sitting down at the table with his arms crossed in front of his chest.

Maybe he looks scared, perhaps it’s curiosity, but George knows that Dream is doing this for him and he can appreciate that, taking the seat opposite him with a smile.

“Sit down,” George laughs, half-serious, half-not. “I’ll go grab my list.”

End Notes

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